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Pictures.

An Old Home-Week
Souvenir.

By Fennie Bodge Johnson.



O carry me back, O carry me back
To the Old Home down in Maine;
Among the dear old fashioned joys
To linger once again.



There's one spot where I wander
As Old Time whistles by,
It's sights and sounds I ponder
When Stars light up on high;
For they wink at me just as they used to,
And signal plain as day:
They're hankerin after ye Billy!
How can ye keep away?

O carry me back, O carry me back
To the Old Home down in Maine
Among the dear old fashioned flowers
To wander once again!



The laylocks and the pineys,
The brave old flower-de-luce,
The prince's feather wavin
So kinder pert and spruce;
Ladies delights and daffys,
Smellage and sage and phlox,
And all along the picket-fence
The buxom holly hocks.

Clove-pinks and Chiney-asters
With balm and southernwood
And mountain mint and lavender
Enough to do ye good ;
The Sweet peas winsome darlins
A-climin up on strings
For all the world like butterflies
With gold and purple wings.

The lilies bless their sweet lives !
The honeysuckle vines
With humming-birds a - flutterin
To test their honeyed wines;
The sassy double buttercups,
The spicey mignonette,
And the blessed English violets
Right up-and-comin yet.

Sweet William, blue-eyed Mary
Larkspur and London pride
With merrygools and mullin-pinks
A noddin side by side:
(Does the robin build in the pear tree
Where the mornin'-glories clim
'Till they swung their bells of dusky blue
Sky high from the topmost limb ?)

The flarin, flamin poppys,
The sunflowers by the wall,
The roses, Scotch and cinnamon
Old double-red best of all:-
(Exceptin always the white one)
Thats better than all the rest
Because you see it was Mother's flower
And the dear soul loved it best!

O carry me back, O carry me back
To the Old Home down in Maine,
Among the sweet old-fashioned flowers
To linger once again.



Deep in the heart of the hills,
Far from the din and the glare,
Safely hidden from worldly ills
And deaf to the challenge of care;

Close to a singing stream
I have builded my drowsy nest
And swinging and singing I lie and dream
Folded to Nature's breast.

Beside the dusty ways of men
Thy summit-flowers filled with dew
Are blooming still. Thy magic pen
Brings foreworld glimpses; now and then
Restoring Nature's primal hue.

Somewhere in Spaces vast and dim
An host of singers stayed their flight
And sang for thee a morning hymn,
An overture, now glad, now grim
In fitful changes, shade and light.

The homelike tones of birds and bees
Blent in the medleys of that throng
With oracles of wind-swept seas;
Electric fingers touched the keys
And filled the century with song.

Wake loyal hearts, awake and sing
In chorus full and free,
While notes responsive backward ring
From memory's shoreless sea;
Above the echoes of regret
In songs of joy entwine
Fresh garlands from the laurels yet
For the days of Auld Lang Syne,

Wake, loyal hearts, awake once more
And join the glad refrain;
We'll sing one song for the days of yore
And the Old Home down in Maine.

Seen thro' the centuries misty light
Their colors fair unfold,
Foundation stones of peace and right
In adamant and gold.
Thro' clouds of battle-smoke, how clear
Their fadeless glories shine,
Awake a royal tribute here
For the days of Auld Lang Syne!

The joys that make the whole world kin
To festal days belong,
From Freedom's treasury all may win
The fellowship of song.
We bring a hearty welcome here,
Goodwill to thine and mine,
And from our chaplet of good-cheer
One song for Auld Lang Syne.

Unfurl the banner that we love
And give it three times three,
Wake loyal hearts, awake and prove
The rapture of The Free.
Beneath the fadeless Stripes and Stars
We hail The Northern Pine,
And mingle with our proud huzzas
Three cheers for Auld Lang Syne

Wake, loyal hearts, awake once more
And join the glad refrain;
We'll sing one song for the days of yore
And the Old Home down in Maine.